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He Loved the World



by
John B. Christensen

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He Loved the World



He Loves the World



He'll Love the World

JAN 24 1920



He Loved the World

He loved the world.

As Heaven proclaimed let glad'ning Earth reply;
Let stars of ev'ry vaulted sky join in the song;
Let ev'ry mountain, continent and sea rejoice;
Let desert isles and ocean caves sound back the joy;

He loved a suffering world.

He loved the world.

That silent, starry night, when shepherds watched,
When first the King's Son came to Bethlehem,
When Angel chorus sang upon Judean hills,
"Good will to men," the anthem of a new found hope,

He loved a sorrowing world.

He loved the world,

When yet a child, mid vine clad hills of Gallilee,
And when, upon the mount, he taught the multitude,
And when, soul stained but pardoned, Magdalen,
Was told to "Go in peace and sin no more"

He loved the sickened world.

He loves the world.

Its music murmurs through the boughs of ev'ry tree,
Speaks its beauty in the red'ning of the rose,
Spreads its truth upon the whiteness of the lily,
And ev'ry woodland songster sounds the glad refrain.

He loves the rejoicing world.

He loves the world.

It's proven by the spirit shown in noble deeds,
And in the hope triumphant, rising o'er the tomb,
The message is heralded in ev'ry drop of rain,
And sets its bow of promise high, above the storm.

He loves the heroic world.





He'll Love the World

He'll love the world.

While children laugh and verdure blooms and rivers flow,
While silver dawn gives place to dusk of gold,
While glow of pleasure follows frost of pain,
While stars, like lilies bloom o'er tomb of day.

He'll love the wonderful world.

He'll love the world.

As long as men shall sicken, sorrow, toil and strive,
As long as mortals plow and till and sow and reap,
As long as through the infinite the sun rolls on,
As long as planets wander in the realms of space,

He'll love the undying world.

He'll love the world.

When countless centuries have lapsed to dust and dreams,
When death at last shall know that he alone must die,
When endless life shall reign in realms of endless day,
When all our ships are wafted into seas of peace,

He'll love the surviving world.

He'll love the world.

When brighter waves shall ripple over brighter strands,
When greater ships, with whiter sails, reach broader seas,
When brighter lights cast brighter gleams from brighter ports,
When brighter sunbeams shed their rays on brighter shores,
He'll love the glorious world.

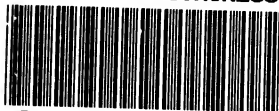
He'll love the world.

When sweeter chimes shall ring from clearer bells,
When sweeter tunes are played on sweeter harps,
When sweeter echoes answer sweeter songs,
When brighter dawn shall kindle the eternal morn,
He'll love the quickened world.





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